Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVI. Philadelphia, May 27, 1837. Whole No. 826.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE FIELD OF THERMOPYLÆ.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

"Stand ye not with Xerxes' low'ring steep,
Lest ye perish with gold En-pus' arrows deep;
Rush wisely and fall in the field of night,
And win an early, with all its glorious bright."

When all were assembled round the Quaker's hospitable board, Lady Montalingham explained the advantages of her school; it being an asylum for the aged, and affording education and clothing to the young now—I know you are charitable and humane, she continued, "and assist your contributions."

"Thee art a faithful servant to thy Maker," said Mrs. Primrose; "and he who marked and applauded the widow's mite, will not forget thee."

"And thinkest thee," interrupted Mr. Primrose, "that we sought in these undertakings; verily, thee knowest that the poor of our people would not thus nor thine?"

"We and all the children of one great and good Parent," said Lady Montalingham, "and equally the objects at his care."

"True, friend Mildour," said the Quaker, "but all his stewards do not equally their duty; didst thou ever behold one of our people in rich attire, with the door for food? were thine ears ever assailed with their whine for charity?"

"When I see the poor and our sustenance, we seldom require their faith; nor can we assert that none of your persuasion ever begged for alms; for the necessitous of every country have a claim, and equally the objects at his care."

"Then

THE TEMPTER.

A Tale of Intervention.

BY T. S. COTZI.

It was fast approaching the eleventh hour; the busy hum of the Holy land was sunk into comparative stillness, and save some straggling wayfarer, and field labourers returning from their daily toil, no human face was to be seen in the streets of Jerusalem. One middle-aged man alone kept his post in the Via Dolorosa, and was observed occasionally raising the rugged road which led down to the valley of Jehoshaphat: a silver guard was held by him upon his dagger in the act of giving the alms; but for some minutes no object appeared on whom to single exclusively his bounty, and he rose from his knees, and gathering his flowing robe around him, was preparing to depart, when the figure of an aged man entering slowly up the steep, arrested his attention. The old man was meanly clad, and, as he leant feebly on his staff, to take breath after his intense ascent, his glance rested upon the person of the sage Rabbi Akiboleh, for it was he who now by his gesture distributing his daily alms to the poor, the hungry, and the wayfarer.

"The Lord direct thy goings out and thy comings in," said the Rabbi, with a self-satisfied smile, dropping the coin into the extended palm of the stranger. "Lo! I have chosen the sixth hour, until the towers and pinnacles of the Temple have thrown their dark shadows across the brook of Cedron, even unto the base of the Mount of Olives, to bestow this last grush of forty in an alms, according to my store which I trust not Penuriel, and behold does not here to receive it."

"Precious is the gift which cometh from the heart, more precious than the Arabian Ben Rahmel, and sweeter than the rich honey of Hebron. If I might know my lord's name, my heart would be forgot it when I lift up my voice in prayer to the Ruler of Israel," said the stranger respectfully.

"I am called the Rabbi Akiboleh."

"He whom men term the wise!—whose voice is as the weighing of a war-horse in the Temple—whose words are like apples of gold in pictures of silver—the clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, and gives alms of the best part of his substance!" asked the stranger.

"The same," answered the self-gratified Rabbi, "and now, for many days of the week, have I been sorely put there as a dweller?"

"Alas!" answered the stranger, "if an as a reproach to my mankind, my name is a deficiency to the lips of an Israelite."

"I understand man! in what hast thou offended against the law?"

"In this thing have I offended. Behold, I went forth at the last evening season into the vineyards, and the vintagers were pressing the grapes in the wine-presses and the hot wine of Lebanon was being weary with the toil and heat of the day, I was tempted, and in foolishness I did drink of the wine, which should have been unmeasured unto me, seeing that I am a Nazarite from my youth."

The scrupulous Rabbi shrunk from the approach. Israelite as from a tainted leper, and elevating his brow, said with a sanctimonious air. "The way of the wine man is pleasant, but the end of the fool trendeth in the mire."

"Stop," said the stranger, as the Rabbi was departing. "Is it not also said that the vainglorious man shall fall in the snares of his own proud heart?" Rabbi Akiboleh, thy life has been unblemished, thy fire hath not yet tried, nor thy water evil-tasted. *Not that thou stand fast when the time cometh.*"

At those words the stranger, with more alertness than his seeming feebleness indicated, turned into an obscure street, while Akiboleh, pondering on the warning of the strange man, took his way towards his own dwelling. On reaching his house Akiboleh retired to his own chamber. It was a small closet or oratory on the house-top, furnished in a style of simplicity approaching to rudeness, and its cold cheerless appearance was increased by the dim twilight. There was still, however, sufficient light for Akiboleh to distinguish a female figure standing in a thoughtful attitude in the centre of the apartment. A rich mellow ray fell upon her shape, which, exceeded height the usual standard of her sex, but was so exquisitely proportioned as to prevent any idea of unusual dignity to be beholden. Her eye as she turned it upon Akiboleh, seemed dark and lustrous, and her smile as a southern sun in the bosom of a cloudless heaven. The Rabbi stood motionless, for he never before had beheld so much beauty; a new pulse stirred to his bosom, and so strangely fire burned the old fire veins. At length he found words to express his admiration and astonishment. "Fair damsel," said he, "my visit is unforeseen; but then not more welcome to my chamber than the pleasant colour of the young rose in the spring season!"

"I am," said the abashed intruder, while a rosetint blush overspread the marble whiteness of her soft cheek and lofty brow, "I am, as my name of Ruth ever a stranger and a gentile, unworthy to come beneath the roof of the God-fearing Rabbi Akiboleh, the words of whose lips are wisdom, and whose precepts are as pearls of great price. Nevertheless, let my humbleness find favour in thy sight, and turn aside, I pray thee, unto my lodgings, which are nigh at hand, and let the handmaiden, like himself, sit on the light of thy countenance, and hear the sweet sound of thy voice."

The Rabbi, though surprised at this novel address, felt a strange sensation thrill through his frame. Gazing upon the lovely speaker, his resolution began to waver, and, almost unconsciously, he permitted himself to be led out by his unknown visitor. Proceeding at a rapid pace towards the western quarter of the city, they at length stopped before a house of handsome exterior, but which Akiboleh could not remember ever having seen before. A single tap at the door caused it to open, and the Rabbi, still following his mysterious conductor, entered a hall, feebly lighted with a single lamp! Here she motioned him to remain for a short time, and disappearing through a private door, left him at so left alone to meditate upon the strange adventure in which he was engaged. But he had little time allowed him for reflection, ere the heavy folds of a curtain, which overhung a small door, were hastily withdrawn, and a fair hand, and sweet soft voice, invited him to enter. He approached, lifted up the curtain, and beheld a superbly furnished apartment, lit with silver lamps, fed with the perfumed oil of Samaria. Mirrors of polished metal hung around the room, while, on a low ottoman, or rather recline, the beautiful stranger, whose charms now shone with a splendour far surpassing any thing the Rabbi could imagine of mortal mould. He essayed to speak, but the words dwelt upon his lips. She beckoned him to take a seat beside her. He obeyed tremblingly: but the gentle, assuring smile which she cast upon him, at once banished his timidity, and he endeavored his eye to the unrestrained freedom over those voluptuous beauties till the sight became painful from extreme delight. A heady stimulant spread before them a light but luxurious repast of fresh and dried fruits, grapes, figs, apricots, olives, pomegranates, and dates, interspersed with the pure honey cakes of Damascus, and bonazas of Rosette, with Egyptian syrup, and crystal vases, in which the rich wine of Helbon sparkled with tempting brilliancy.

"Fairest of the daughters of men, may I crave the name, and that of thy father's home?" said the Rabbi, addressing his unknown companion.

"My name is Zorah," replied the damsel. "My father is of the children of Ishmael, an shiner in the desert; the fame of his wealth and power is circled unto the farther borders of the wilderness, and behold, the honor of to be the court, and the rise it to me the man whose wisdom all nations speak of."

"Lovely Zorah!" exclaimed the enamoured sage, "my wisdom is become as withered grass before thy beauty, and the strength of my heart as dew in the consuming light of thine eyes. Suffer me, therefore, to to unite there even as thine own shall be, and to love thee with the love wherewith Jacob loved Rachel."

Zorah smiled at the earnestness with which these words were uttered, and filling the cup, presented it to the disciple of Rabbi, who received it with shrank from the dangerous libation; but Zorah would not be denied.

"Urge me not, fair damsel," said he. "I have a vow against the juice of the vine until next new moon."

Zorah's countenance fell, and the big tear burst trembling on her dark eyes' silken lash. Akiboleh, torn with conflicting passions, paused to and fro in the quick pulses of her heart threatened his—for more sighs were upon his cheeks and the perfumed wine-cup at his lips;—human strength could resist no longer. He quaffed it down with desperate haste, and at a single draught quaffed it to the bottom. He vow was broken, and having nothing further to forfeit, he thought he had loosed drought in quick succession, till his flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes were evidence that he was no longer under the dominion of reason.

"Zorah, my beautiful Zorah!" cried he, "my love for thee is as the love which floods overflow, cometh, nor many waters drown. Thou art the light of mine eyes—I cannot part from thee; let us therefore, flee unto thy father's tents, even unto the wilderness as unto a city of refuge."

"Ah! my lord, thy servant hath neither gold nor silver to bear the charge. Could we live like the raven or the stork of the desert?"

That objection had not struck Akiboleh before: he was rich himself, but he could not immediately command his possession into money, and his reason was too evident to admit delay. He seemed perplexed and spoke not, till Zorah inquired, in a carnest manner, if his next-door neighbour was not the rich publican, Aaron Ben Rahiel.

"It is even so," replied the Rabbi, still musing. "And he hath," he said, coffers filled with the riches of pure silver?"

"It is said so."

"And baskets of gold, and pots of double Macedonian, and precious stones, pearls, and sardonyx, and other riches more than the jewels of the high-priest's breast plate?"

"Hah!" exclaimed Akiboleh, as if a sudden fury of light had flashed upon his mind; "*so!*—so!—so!"

"Aaron Ben Rahiel is stricken in years and liveth alone,—riches are to him as the dust of the earth,—there is a private way from thy house into his."

"Stop, stop!" cried the agitated man, grasping the arm of the tempter convulsively. "Is it—is it—possible?—Zorah, art thou in this thing? Zorah! Zorah! Thy words are pleasant to my ears as the accents of fallen waters in the desert, but the bitterness of Marah, even the bitterness of death, is in their taste—nevermore, in this thing, shall we converse."

"Go about it, then, instantly," said Zorah, rising; "thou knowest the private passage into the house? Take with you a few trusty men—thou mayest need it,—and when thou hast secured the riches, return quickly hither, and all things shall be ready for our flight."

Akiboleh, whose scruples with his new-formed project vanished, was no less eager than his imperious mistress to accomplish the deed, he ran with his utmost speed into the street, and quickly reached his own dwelling. Lighting a small lamp, he entered a private passage, which in the strangest manner led from his apartment into two houses, and in a few moments found himself on the steps of the house of Aaron Ben Rahiel.

A dressed him lay coffers filled with gold and silver coins, and baskets charged with precious stones, but trembled with fear and superstition as he saw the sickly beams of the lamp he bore. He had passed one jewel but to his eyes, to examine it more closely, when a figure suddenly sprung from through the chamber, and the unfortunate Aaron fell a corpse on the earth; he lay writhing a time agony, carving the hour of his birth and the fatal sudness which led to his steps from the palm of fortune; before the gleam of light diminished, his prince—he looked upon—it was Zorah. He saw dark cloud gathering around the countenance, but there was in the proud smile which curled her elevated lip an expression of demoniac triumph. Vainly did Akiboleh attempt to elevate his form in his rule, he exclaimed.

"False tempter, begone. I have done thy bidding—and lo! unstained blood is upon my hands—I am broken and trodden under foot like a defiled thing. Depart, therefore, I pray thee, lest in the bitterness of my wrath I curse thee also."

"Rabbi Akiboleh, it is not for the vain-glorious man shall fall in the snares of his own heart." *The law hath come, and the fire of the Lord is upon thee.*

"Racca! art *thou* there?" shouted Akiboleh, as he recognised in the speaker the voice of the wife-accused Rabbi to whom he gave at the Water Gate the previous evening. Burning with rage, he seized the prophet of evil by the throat, and he flung him to the earth with a violence that shook his frame. Starting up he burst the door of the Water Gate, nor the tempter Zorah. He was alone, not in the dungeon of a prison, but in the little chamber, with the funeral lamp still streaming through the lattice. Several minutes elapsed before he could collect his scattered and terrified thoughts sufficiently to reflect upon the horrors he had undergone were but the airy pinning of a dream, and then, prostrating himself on his knees, he poured forth his prayer to the Lord, that he would be pleased to forgive the sin of his heart. "It is a lesson from the Lord—I was proud of my own wisdom, and lo! when the trial came I was delivered to the Evil One."

From that day forth the Rabbi Akiboleh walked humbly before the Lord, and he received forgiveness the dangers of self-confidence, and he learned to put his trust in the Almighty alone.

The Tempter.

Saturday Evening Post.

MAY 27, 1837.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"The Field of Thermopylæ" on our first page we commend to the attention of the Reader. In this era of mental stillness, it is pleasant to meet with something, to remind us of what Poetry should be.

We cannot oblige "G. W. P."

"Virgil" is rejected.

"M. W." under consideration.

In reading "Severe Punishments," we have been surprised at the correct judgment of the author as displayed in the title. We must spare the reader its infliction.

We are indebted to the editor of the Marietta Gazette, for the police correction of an egregious blunder, of one of our compositors.

The New York Commercial, (a whig paper) contains some severe remarks, upon the late proclamation of Governor Ritner, for its advocacy of sectarian principles.

ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF JUDGE KING.

"It becomes our duty to record one of the most atrocious, and unprovoked attempts at assassination, which has ever occurred in the annals of our community. We will briefly relate the circumstances, as they have reached us. On Thursday the last inst. the Honourable Edward King, is the President Judge of the 1st Circuit court, in the case of Alimony, which came up for the consideration of the Supreme Court, at the Republican of the wife. The parties were, personally, subpœnaed and deep concern, to be in court, and having been pronounced by a bank to Mobile in such terms as to excite the sympathy of was the case and five hundred and fifty dollars —the draft was remitted to New York and received by the agent of the bank. The proceeds of the house immediately left in pursuit, and overtook him at the city of Augusta, where he had embarked for New York but a day before. Judge King was arrested, and brought back to New York, to have him arrested. The vessel arrived there, and a person bearing strong resemblance to the defendant was taken on board of her, but the officer considered that he had no process to arrest a man of that description in his person, so let him go. The gentleman in search, then taken to New York, and the case carried by all of the counsel, and traced him to his lodging in New York, but he had left for Philadelphia—the counsel followed him to the city, and arrested him at one of the hotels, where he had engaged a passage to Europe. The gentleman, finding that the draft was a forgery, he expressed much surprise, he then offered to pay the amount, with the damages, called for a cancle and burnt the draft, and requested to go, and the Judge and the Aldermen who had bound him over. While altering his dress, he covertly took a pistol from his pocket, and directed the muzzle to the Judge's breast. Mrs. King, perceiving the movement, caught the arm, and escaped the husband's notice, instantly sprung between the parties, and the assassin, to interrupt his purpose; thus exposing herself to almost certain death. The ruffian leveled the weapon at her breast and drew the trigger, but without effect, the ball having rolled out of the barrel to the floor, where it was afterwards found. The instant he had snapped the piece, he fled to the door, pursued by the Judge: he succeeded in getting into the street, and as the Judge advanced to the door, he drew a second pistol and deliberately fired at him. The ball passed the intended victim and lodged in the wall. He then retreated so rapidly, as to defy pursuit.—*Pennsylvania Sentinel.*

Incendiary Caught.—On the morning of the 15th inst. about two o'clock, a man was detected by one of the city watchmen of New Orleans, in the act of setting fire to the fire. Mr. Clapp's grocery, in that city. He was secured.

EXECUTION OF MORAN.

At an early hour on Friday, 19th instant, the streets leading to the Eastern Penitentiary, were crowded with an anxious throng, going to witness the execution. At the time grew near, it is estimated that ten thousand had assembled. The prescribed figures of the Marshal on horseback, formed in front of the Prison, and the Philadelphia Grenadiers, and a body of Marines, under the command of Captain Prevost, were in readiness for marching.

The prisoner seemed to await his fate with much coolness, but without any appearance of bravado. He was dressed in a white and clear hand, without any evidence of agitation or tremor.—He was attended by the Rev. Mr. Lancaster, with a decisive yet subdued manner, and published throughout a degree of firmness and Philosophy, scarcely to be expected from one so young, and who only turned his eyes occasionally to his mortal existence. All idea of pardon or respite, was abandoned, at an early period of the day, as the Governor had not arrived without any noticed him from the Executive Mansion. After a prayerful ceremony, which appertained to his verbally goods, he entered the vehicle, and gave his attention to the Clergymen, who were in attendance upon him. He expressed himself ready about 10 o'clock, and, at about half past 10 o'clock, the procession was moved from the Prison. The prisoner was seated in a close carriage, with the Rev. Mr. Lancaster, and the Sheriff, and Deputy Sheriff, and Marshal, and Mr. Stevens. After arranging the several vehicles

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, May 27, 1837.

AGENCY.

Mr. Daniel Whitmore is now agent for Atkinson's periodicals, at Vincennes, Indiana, in place of Wm. G. Foulke, resigned.

GERMAN CONCERT.

The performances of German music at the Musical Fund Hall, took place last evening, and fully justified the anticipations formed by a numerous present. The wild and melancholy strains of some of the pieces, will long remain in our remembrance.

GLAD TIDINGS.

By an article in another column, it will be perceived that the crops throughout the Southern states promise a most favorable appearance. We are also anticipated at an earlier date. We are sincerely pleased to hear this statement, which is partly confirmed by our own observation, and by neighbourhood of this city. A Friend from South County informs us that the late fine weather experienced there, has occasioned a very favorable change in the appearance of grain in that vicinity.

PUBLIC MEETING.

A public meeting of the citizens opposed to the suspension of specie payments, was held at the Exchange on Monday last, at the Independence Square, agreeably to a resolution passed at a former assembly. We learn that it was not so numerously attended as the previous meeting. A part of the committee appointed to make certain inquiries of the Banks, and the reply of these institutions, reported that they were not enabled by them to refuse compliance with the wishes of the committee, were laid before the meeting—Sundry resolutions expressing disapprobation of the suspension, and declaring that it was the duty of the *judges* thereof! This is a serious evil and should command attension; if in article is condemned as unfit for the use of the public, it is the duty of those who are charged with the inspection of the rope, was always more irksome to my sensibility than a banyan day to a marine's.

I had arrived thus far in my conclusions, gave a considerable pause, and was thinking about continuing the subject, when—up" cried he, "all hands, sail ho!" "very good, sir," said I—" call the watch on deck." "Officer of the deck, sir," says he, replied the boatswain,—"and as" starboard watch ahoy," reverberated through the ship, I left the apartment abashed me and assumed the duties of the watch.

Next morning I called to mind that I had a *journal* to keep—that I had left the voluptuous enjoyments of Italy—that I had heard old Ocean sing the previous paragraph, was soon to wrestle the precincts of a country, as famed for its present as for its past glory, for the number of its wealth and tyrannical system of government—

* * * * * * When I arrive there, which Heaven grant may be soon, I hope I shall be able to glean a few facts or information, assisted by a *current on the same tack*, which, if it does not "lead off," as one of Capt. Marryatt's heroes would express it, will at least be the "nearest as it passing flies."

On the morning of the 11th, having my "time logs aboard," I got under way, with a view to ascertain some certain facts, which appear equal, and some lighter metal. For instance, laying aside self, a recurrence to which is so preponderous in human transactions, and a good deal of egotisms, madshipmen, *pissed* and unpassed: and only wanted that important character, denominated *Admiral*, to make the "measure full of glory." As we did not get him, we took as a proxy to success, some small round substances in which the image of Ferdinand is blended with the motto of the "Isles of the Sea." The coin is first trod but soon rude over a portion of the Sicilian domain. Being at Syracuse, our first care, was, under the direction of a guide, to see the celebrated cave, or, as it is otherwise termed

"*Dyonsius' Ear.*"

This cave is in a bitter appellation from its having been excavated in a huge rock, by the tyrant in the form of an Ear, for the purpose of confining his prisoners in. It is, I suppose about eight feet in length; and owing, I guess, some greatly to its peculiar form, possesses the most acute echo of any place in the world. So much so, that a pistol fired in the cave, is to the ear, and upon tearing a piece of paper, distinctly hear the sound reverberating through this spacious excavation. At the top of its entrance, is a small piece of the rock, in which Dyonsius, formerly at perfectly concealed from view; and from which he could distinguish every conversation of the prisoners, and from his interior Mexican account of the transaction has been published, which we have transferred to our columns. Making allowances for the gross exaggerations which appear in this document, it is evident that the commander of the Natchez, has awfully performed his duty to his country in resisting the usurpation of a portion of the most important part of the Mexican government. The repeated injuries which our commerce has sustained from this source, are sufficiently known to the world apart from the insult offered to the U. S. Government, by the capture of the Champion—all demanded that some check should be placed upon these repeated aggressions. That the commander of the U. S. Government, has hitherto been able to obtain its just requirements, by peaceable means, has more than once proved unsufficient, it is time to have recourse to sterner measures.

War is certainly a great evil, but in some instances it is almost needless to add, a necessary one. We should be the last to advocate the propriety of such a measure and least of all, in the present state of the Country. If however the Mexican Government, continues to adhere to the system of piratical aggression on our commerce some remedy must be adopted and the sooner it is exerted into effect, the better it will be for the interests of the country on the end.

No manifestation of the views of the Executive on this subject has yet been made, but the question is still undecided by the next session of congress at the ensuing session. It is to be hoped that proper representation to the government of Mexico may yet have the effect of procuring protection to the citizens of the U. States exposed to these depredations, but if such application should fail, there is but one other remedy.

CARNIVEROUS.

The Oxford Democrat, marvels greatly at the circumstance of a Partridge having been shot in that vicinity, in whose craw was found twenty-two inches of the body of a large striped snake, which it had devoured. This is truly a strange development of carnivorous propensities, and well calculated to furnish matter for the consciences of sportsmen, as well as an interesting fact in the history of Natural Science.

NAVAL.

The Presidency of the Board of Navy Commissioners has been offered to Commodore Warrington, if we may credit the Norfolk Beacon. The office belongs by right of seniority to Com. Biddle, and we are pleased to learn that he have heard it rumoured that it will be reserved for Elliott who is now absent. We trust that the truth of this last report, will only be equal to the popularity of the proposed measure.

The Alexandria Gazette states that preparations are making to furnish the President's House in a new and costly style of magnificence, which will eclipse even the former gorgeousness which was exhibited in some of the rooms of that mansion.

Another *refurnishment* will probably take place in about four years from this date.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE E. E. POST.

SICILY.

Extract from the Journal of an Officer of the U. S. Navy, dated

SYRACUSE, JULY 13th, 1836.

When I left the Bay of Naples, so replete with the grandeur of its own element, and the views of its surrounding beauties, I had but little anticipation of the pleasure in reserve for me. Like all other commanders of the present age, our's viewed it as a matter of importance that secrecy should be observed with regard to the destiny of his ship. This may be correct; it may not have its *evil* tendency, but I would be much gratified to learn what good can possibly result, while we are upon the most amicable footing with all powers? It certainly creates an excitement; but of what nature? Something I should say bearing closer affinity to that which possessed the old lady, when accused of "curiosity," and to which she responded, "oh, no, I was actuated purely by motives of prudence." This is the "thirst" influencing a crew when starting for an uncertain destination; the result of which is, vague and improbable rumours with the addition of speculative issues, which are not always calculated to benefit the process alluded to, and in positive contact with the interests of the service. The "curiosity" of a boat's crew for a subordinate officer—one I know, subjecting me to be "*overhauled for inspection*," and like Purser's stores on board of ship, "*condemned*." By the by, what a "world" there is in connection with this condemnation, remains me of a petty fraud practised by many who "weald the power" at sea, and "ruled the waves and old," during my survey. I have seen articles condemned by government, condemned, and in compliance with the regulations of the naval service, "to be thrown overboard," actually conveyed to the "*locker*" on board of the *judges* thereof! This is a serious evil and should command attension; if in article is condemned as unfit for the use of the public, it is the duty of those who are charged with the inspection of the rope, was always more irksome to my sensibility than a banyan day to a marine's.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—The King has been thrown into a state of deep affection, by the death of his eldest and favorite daughter, Lady De Lisle, who died at Kensington House on the night of April 10th.

Much alarm was created in the neighborhood of the London docks, by the sudden death of two laborers, who had been employed on board a vessel from Trieste, laden with rags; it was feared that they had died of the plague, that terrible disease having been known to exist at various points on the Mediterranean. Several other workmen have been taken ill.

Snow fell heavily, in several parts of England, on the 11th of April.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The packet ship Garrick, Capt. Robinson, arrived on Monday last from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 15th of April.

The intelligence of the stoppage of the Messrs. Josselin, of this city, and that of several houses in New Orleans, had reached England, and produced greater excitement than had been anticipated by us, although in the critical position of the American houses in London, we doubted not that the effect of the intelligence would be great. Those who have paid attention to the commercial advices from England, must have noted the great anxiety with which the next accounts from America, have been awaited. They will also have observed that the failure of the London merchants and bankers were followed by the suspension of favorable news, and large available remittances. These circumstances must have essentially aggravated the disappointment. Hence the excitement above indicated, which it was supposed would still increase, before it could be allayed.

The show is communicated to us as the latest by packet from the Garrick. It is in part, however, to remark that neither the London nor Liverpool papers make any mention of the fact. The President, which carried out the disastrous news, was said to be off the coast. There is no news of her arrival at any port.

The advices from Paris are to the 15th, inclusive. *Another plan of arrangement* had not yet been completed. A prediction of our own, uttered some months ago, was apparently in train of fulfilment, as we see it stated that the last act of presidency of the council, was to the Duke de Broglie, whose intimate relations with us have been hitherto almost monopolized by the Americans in Europe.

Philadelphia, as our opinion, offers greater inducements to the merchants of Michigan than any other city: there is a greater amount of real capital employed in business, and goods can be transported by steamboat from this place, in much less time than by any other route, and *the merchant who deals extensively with real capital*, can afford to extend some little accommodation and lenity to those out of whom they are purchasing large bills.

We can assert, without the fear of contradiction, that our merchants stand as high as any and are as safe, as those of any State in the Union. Should any one doubt the security of money in scarce here, as well as in the eastern cities.

The merchants, of the west depend upon the farming community for their business; and the farmers of Michigan are certainly favored with a better farm of the most fertile soil under heaven, which unquestionably must ultimately be the granary of the world. Should any one be disposed to purchase property, they may have money to command at a moderate rate of interest. The merchant may be obliged to wait for his debts and the Sheriff's sale may be accumulated from the wholesale dealer. If from real distress, no matter how much sympathy may be excited, the merchants of New York cannot exhibit some degree of mercy and leniency, and consequently will be obliged to seek a market where greater ability or better feelings prevail.

We conscientiously testify that the mercantile business of Michigan is more safe than that of almost any other State in the Union, and our merchants are the chief customers, and they can pay a *hundred exchange to the pound*.

MARRIAGES.

From the Pensender, Centreville, Michigan.

WESTERN MERCHANTS.—From the tenor of several of our exchange papers, we perceive that the merchants of the city of New York money market will, for a time, operate unfavorably upon the whole west. Specie is scarce and the best make for the starboard sleeve, but did not gain it, as the wheel rope might have given way, or the child driven from the room by his stature. The steam was not let off, and the boat kept on. The scene of horrors beggared all description."

DEATHS.

On Thursday morning, the 11th ult. Mr. ALEXANDER CRAWFORD, in the 76th year of his age.

On Wednesday morning, 17th inst. HETTY EGARTT, wife of Wm. Egartt.

On Friday evening, the 19th inst. HANNAH KEEN, wife of Mr. Peter Keen, Jr. in the 24th year of her age.

On Saturday, 13th inst. MARY ROPA, only daughter of James and Ann Quesse, of New York, aged 2 years.

On Sunday morning, 14th inst. GEORGE HOPA, only child of Joseph and Elizabeth Hopa.

On Saturday, the 20th inst. at half past 11 o'clock, P. M. Miss MARY CAMPBELL, in the 28th year of her age.

On the morning of the 23d inst. after a short illness, GEORGIANA CATHERINE, daughter of Mr. Joseph and Mrs. Catherine C. Du Bois, aged three months and two weeks.

On Thursday night, Mrs. SARAH STEWART, in the 76th year of her age.

At her residence in New Holland, Lancaster county, on the 20th inst. Mrs. MARGARET ANN, N. B. DAVIS, widow of the late Archibald B. Davis, aged 37 years, 4 months and 20 days.

Her remains were interred on Monday last, with proper and respectful attention, which she endured for many years of suffering with Christian fortitude.

At Washington on the 21st inst. JOHN R. KEY, Esq. formerly of this city, son of Mr. Francis S. Key, Esq.

At Pittsburgh, on the 17th inst. JAMES LATIMER, Jr. Attorney at Law, of Wilmington, Del. in the 36th year of his age.

Arch Street Theatre.

Saturday Evening, May 27, 1837.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. JAMES WALLACK,

And Positively his Last Appearance,

On which occasion he will appear in

Two Popular Characters,

IN A FAVORITE PLAY AND FARCE.

For particulars, see bill of stage.

27 MR. & MRS. KELLY, on board

ALMANAC.

MAY, 1837.	Sun's Rises.	Sun's Sets.	Moon's Rises.	Moon's Sets.
Saturday,	4 45	7 15	9 07	
28 Sunday,	4 44	7 16	10 07	8 49
29 Monday,	4 43	7 18	11 11	9 36
30 Tuesday,	4 42	7 19	Morn 0 1	10 26
31 Wednesday,	4 41	7 20	1 17	11 19
1 Thursday,	4 40	7 21	2 31	Full 0h 13m
2 Friday,	4 39	7 22	3 45	1 12
3 Saturday,	4 39	7 23	4 57	2 08

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern return at 8 A. M.; Eastern closes at 3 P. M.
Northern " at 9 A. M.; Northern " at 5 P. M.
Western " at 9 A. M.; Western " at 6 P. M.

MARSHALL'S

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. CHARLES BESAND, to Miss MARY EVINS.

On Tuesday evening last, by the same, Mr. DAVID S. HART, of Dublin, to Miss MARY A. M. D. WHARTON, of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening last, by Joseph Watson, Esq. Alderman, JOHN C. PERRY, of New Hope, to HANNAH, daughter of John and Ann Sharp, of Newtown, Bucks county.

On Thursday evening, the 18th inst. by John Swift, Esq. Mayor, Mr. JOHN C. WALL, to Miss SARAH LISTER, daughter of John Thompson, Jr. all of this city.

On Tuesday, the 16th inst. by Elder T. J. Kite, Mr. MAUL, BY JOHN LITTLE-BOY, Jr. to Miss SARAH ANN GILBRICK, daughter of Mr. Thomas G. Allen.

On the 20th inst. by the same, Mr. WILLIAM MAUL, to Miss MARY ANN GILBRICK, daughter of Mr. Thomas G. Allen.

Also by the same, Mr. HENRY WILKINS, to Miss ANN ARMSTRONG.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 23d inst. Mr. JOHN K. KNOBLE, to Miss CHARLINE KEEN.

On the 23d inst. by the same, Mr. WILLIAM GILBRICK, to SARAH ANN RIGHTLY.

On the 24th inst. by the same, Mr. JOHN LOANS, and the aid of Congress to boot, experiments which are unable to meet the demands and engagements how are WESTERN MERCHANTS, who have, comparatively, no such resources, but are obliged to look to their punctual collections, to meet the imperative demands of desperate creditors.

We understand that the New York merchants are generally determined to meet their liabilities, and we approve the step, though late; for there is at least the satisfaction that a large portion of the business is done upon a safer and more solid bottom.

The trade of the Great West will now unquestionably take a new direction, and Philadelphia will be the point of importation. The Pennsylvania Canal and Rail Road, is the great business which has been hitherto almost monopolized by the New York canal and river route.

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FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Steadfastness.—The gigantic fossil hand of the Megalonyx, found in the Ellen's Mountain, has caused some exciting discussions between the celebrated members of the French Academy of Sciences, M. de Blainville and Geoffroy St. Hilaire, especially on the part of the latter. M. Geoffroy is of opinion that this head belonged to a species of giraffe, and M. de Blainville thinks it is the head of a singular and enormous saloupe, according to him uglier than the Orang Outang.

A Hint for Government.—A writer in the last number of the Westminster Review says, that such is the moral and intellectual state of the decrepit population in Ireland, that a bribe of the sum of £100 could be given to every family from the shores of Kildare to the mountains of Donegal, for a cent, they could not honestly advise it to be done.

Fernando Po—Of all other petty commercial powers we should suppose Belgium was the last likely to become a leader in the slave trade, but it appears however she has been negotiating with Spain for the Island, for which she is to give 3000 Ardennes horses, and 600 Belgian *nobiliaire* country, the price of which bargain it is said to be serious difficulties between Calatrava and Mendizabal.

Turkish School for Seamen.—One has been founded by the Pasha on the Island of Chalkis and is flourishing.

Italy.—It was a great fire at Adrianople March 12th, and several khans, bezasars, and magazines of flour were destroyed.

All Rome is in dismay with the grippe, but it is not fatal. The printers of the Journal de Smyrne have had to close much, March 11th, that the paper was not issued.

There have been many alarming fires in Amsterdam, attributable to the tempting of the incendiarism produced by the facilities for obtaining insurance.

Snow.—While other countries have been buried in snow, in Russia so far north it has been of small account. The depth of snow in Feb. 1837, was

Unfortunate Poland.—Caccus is still under the surveillance of an Austrian police agent, and all intercourse between that place and Warsaw totally interdicted.

At the King's Fete at Versailles, Mudlle Taglioni was to dance before their majesties, it is said, for the first time since the birth of her son.

The Fete of Longchamps on the Champs Elysees this year was a total failure. The wind was tremendous.

Napoleon's road over the Simplon was in such bad condition this spring, that 30 cars and their contents were upset by the wind.

Nineteen-twentieths of the banks in the N. E. and Middle states have also stopped specie payments.

Most of the works of internal improvement, canals, rail-roads, &c. are stopped.

Most of the manufacturing establishments in the country have been compelled to stop operation.

More than one hundred thousand men, women and children, who depended on their earnings for their bread, have been thrown out of employment by the reckless course pursued by the administration with regard to the currency, and yet we are told that "the country is *prosperous and happy!!*"—*Vermont Courier.*

THE APPALLING DISASTER OF THE BEN SHERROD CAUSED BY DRUNKENNESS.

We learn from the Natchez papers further particulars of the loss of the Ben Sherrod. At the time she took fire, she was engaged in a race with the steamer Prairie, and the fire caught from the great heat caused by raising her steam to its extreme power. A barrel of whiskey was placed on deck for the use of the hands during the race, who drank to excess, and became intoxicated!

The number drowned and burnt is now ascertained to be one hundred and seventy-three.

"At about 9 o'clock P. M. on the 7th, the fire became so heated that it communicated fire to the wood, of which there was on board about sixty cords. When the crew discovered the fire, they all left their posts and ran to the yawl, without giving alarm to the passengers, who were all asleep in their berths. The captain of the steamer, attempted to allay the extreme confusion, by stating that the fire was extinguished, but he forbid the lowering of the yawl, which was attempted by the deck hands and passengers. The steamer was then about two hundred yards on board raw arose wild and dreadful—'The fire! the fire!' was the cry from stem to stern, and the boat made for the starboard shore, but did not gain it, as the wheel rope might have given way, or the child driven from the room by his stature. The steam was not let off, and the boat kept on. The scene of horrors beggared all description."

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Great Sale of Real Estate,

At New Brig Mon. Banner County, Pa.

THE Real Estate of Conrad Fetterhoff, late of New Brighton, Beaver co. Pa. will be offered at public sale on the premises by the Executors, on the 4th day of July next, consisting of a *four story Stone Flouring Mill*, 8 or 10 feet, with *three pairs of Water Stones*, and the necessary Bolting and Screening, was erected by the present occupant, and is in complete order for business, and has a never failing supply of water, which never freezes in the winter season, the remaining property on shares, will be offered on the same day, consisting of a *two story Brick House*, with a *Frame Stable* attached, and a lot of ground, with a number of fruit trees, and a variety of other fruit. Also, a *Frame Dwelling House*, with a lot of ground adjoining, and a number of fruit trees thereon

THE OLIO

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its Savour.

The following verses—the production of an esteemed and valued correspondent—were handed us a few days since by a friend. We understand they were written at the time of the great excitement which prevailed in this country in favor of the Greeks, when that nation was contending for liberty with the Turks, and for that gentleman were inserted into the barrel of a musket, intended to be sent with a number of guns and other articles of warfare, contributed by various generous individuals, to aid the cause of that suffering nation. The ingenious manner in which they are written, as well as the sentiment of the verses, we think entitle them to a place in our columns, even at this late day.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES TO MY GUN.

My little gun, whose sav'd us hosts of Turks,
To the right or left ere him's wounds do not pick;
Nor up nor down as much, nor once miss fire,
But with a dreadful bang! display thine ire,
And bright thy barrel's glow,
Nor mossy bring him down, awhile to lie
Half seared to death, with strength enough to fly,
Fag with a thundering energy of fly dispatch,
Or fierce lead death shall give a hideous stare,
Right in his face!

And if, by chance, a dozen or a score
Those same, or even so many more,
Are well thy pan—be not a fool or know,
With hasty quaff secure thy load, thou stave
Them to the ground!

While in the hand of Greek thou art thy part,
But if by Turk thou'rt taken, try thy art,
And loose and scatter wide, with furious roar,
Like Sampson, at thy death kill more and more
Than in thy life!

The Suicide—A Pathetic Tale.—By James North:

When William sent a letter to decline
That he was wedded to a fairer face,
Poor Lucy shrieked, "To life—to life—no!—adieu!"
And to the indignation of despair,
She tore the letter and her raven hair,
Shed her last bosom, and the deed was done!

Then to an open window wildly flew,
And madly flung herself—into a chair!

SONG AFTER THE CARNIVAL.

"So we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright."
For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul outwears the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love must have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon."

A sportsman who during the shooting season had gone to pass a week with his friend in the country, on the strength of a general invitation soon found, by a gentle hint, that he would have done better to wait for a special one; and for some beautiful scenery, was the waiter's first remark, as I came by—by the upper road. "You will see still finer," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one."

A CRITICAL POET IS.—A few days since, a gentleman went into a tavern in Holborn, and in the absence of the usual waiter, was attended to by the pot boy. "Bring me the evening paper," said the gentleman. "Paper come yet sir," said the pot boy, "but there's the *Satirist*, and I've got some sorry good pieces of poetry in it." "Indeed!" replied the gentleman, "and how do you know that?" "Oh," returned the lopsided youth, "I know it's poetry, because all the lines am short an' have numbers; and its worry good, acause our gals says so."

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A CHAPTER ON ECONOMY.

There is not, possibly, a more conspicuous economist in the world than the French. There is nothing wasted in France. All the vegetables are gathered up and turned to some good account. Articles which are here considered entirely worthless, and are thrown aside as such, are hoarded there with avidity, and by some happy tact, which only a Frenchman possesses, are converted to some useful purpose.

A well-grained bone, such as American would throw to a dog, is transformed by the French cook into some delicate luxury. The feet—the eyes, the combs, even the tails of fowls are by some magic process served up to tickle the palate in the shape of delicious ragouts. Even the dog of a Frenchman purchases a fine piece of beef and contrives to get two sumptuous dinners, perhaps from it, by a slice of a roast, a stew and a soup. Your Frenchman would screw you up a dozen onions or more, and dispose of the bone, when done with clear as a whistle, to some trader in that article, to be transformed into handles for knives, or jacks—toys, or ivory black. There are many men and women who get a livelihood entirely by prowling around the streets and bye-places, in search of rags, old iron, and small bits of paper, &c., which they hoist out of the rubbish, and by a dexterous movement place in a basket hanging at their backs. Nothing escapes their scrutiny—nothing is too insignificant to be passed unnoticed, but every scrap, every remnant is sort, which no one but a Frenchman would dream of stopping, is caught up as a prize.

In those purse-pying times, it would perhaps be well to take a lesson in economy of the French. We should not wish to see men and women poking about old rubbish for a subsistence, but we would advise very-body to look twice at a thing before it is thrown away. Take an old coat for example. True, it may be too far gone to repair, but it is not quite so seedy—but then a patch on the elbow, after all, is not so bad as a pat on the shoulder by a sheriff. The butcher, the tailor's and the butcher's bill, we cannot escape—and yet I would be well to date the old coat some before we get a new fit—rush up the old hat again before we throw it aside forever, and take a second peep into the pantry before we order a fresh supply of provisions. By so doing many a penny might be saved—and in time some we cannot look out too sharp for the small coins—the larger ones are so scarce they do not need watching.

SABBATH BREAKING;

A LEGEND OF NEW ENGLAND.

Brigadier General Brewster belonged to that hardy, independent class of yeomen, who, during the Revolutionary War, displayed so much spirit in proclaiming their own rights, and in defending those of the country. He was born and brought up a farmer in the county of Middlesex, and inherited, from his father's, a noble tract of those rich arable lands found in the vicinity, and a little to the west of Boston. Although never actually engaged in the battles of his country, he had been for many years colonel of the second best from which all our armies were filled. From this circumstance, together with his own frank and hearty manners, he had risen, at the close of the war, to the rank of a Brigadier General, a title he honorably held till he died a Brigadier, always a Brigadier. Among the many distinguished republicans of New England, the man who has once held a commission, especially in the militia, is considered during the long period of life, to be addressed by any other name than that of the office which he was so unfortunate as to lose.

It was a few years after the eventful period of the Revolution, and before the loose habits and disorderly manners introduced among the solver sons of the patriots, by that connecting and ultimutous event, had fairly subsided into the quiet ways, so characteristic of our ancestors at an earlier date, that the little incident to be about to relate took place. The Brigadier having a tine farm for residence and grazing, had turned his attention to the rearing of cattle; and was so envious in all that part of the old and honorable state of Massachusetts, for the finest breed of oxen and cows that could be found in any of the adjacent counties. Among his other treasures in kine, he had raised a famous bull, now three years old: and which, for size and beauty—and admiration of all the neighboring farmers. The Brigadier took it to his head that he was a non-such; and, on the strength of the opinion, he issued a hand bill, or advertisements fly, as it that time published in Worcester, by Isaiah Thomas, that printer and father of newspaper editors, not only in New England, but in the whole United States—a paper, which, for genuine, old fashioned patriotism, and manly exposure of the errors of our rulers, displayed in the arrogance of its editor, stood unrivalled among the gazettes of the day, and to this date, still sustains its name and its usefulness; almost a solitary relic of the times that are past; which, with the sage, age, and qualifications of the Brigadier's bull, is now fast dying and closing by saying that he would give one hundred dollars to any man who could produce a beast equal in size and of the same age, who could whip his bull in a fair field fight. The General having so much of the military in his disposition, could not be satisfied with the qualifications most requisite in beef animals, such as size and beauty of form, but he must possess a touch of that martial and warlike spirit once so prevalent, but now slowly fading from the land.

It chanced that a copy of the paper, containing this wise challenge, fell into the hands of a neighbor, who lived in the rich and fertile mountains of the Connecticut river, in the western part of the State. It is a region, which has ever been famous for its fine beef cattle, since the days of the accomplished, hospitable, and good old Governor Belcher. This man happened to have a sturdy bull of the same age, which he was willing should enter the lists with the notorious beast of the Brigadier. His color was coal black. Rich, glossy curls mantled his broad forehead, above which sprung two pairs of conscious size. His ample chest, thick neck, and erect carriage, at once proclaimed him among the quiet sentiment of his race, for strength and beauty. Proud of his charge and confident of success, the neighbor concluded he would send him, and try his luck in obtaining the one hundred dollars. As the way was long and the roads rough, he did not reach the house of the Brigadier, till late on Saturday afternoon: although, like a true descendant of the worthy puritans, he left his house early on Monday morning, to be off the first appearance of light on the door at the time of his arrival; and as soon as he had made known the object of his visit, the rites of his visit, bade him welcome to such cheer as a farmer's family in the upper road. "You will see still finer," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one."

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the mirror with such force as to push the head quite through the waistcoat of the owner, and strew the floor with the broken fragments of glass.

By this time the Brigadier had so far recovered his breath and recollection, both of which had nearly been driven out, as to unbolt a loaded musket, which hung in the kitchen. With this weapon in his hand, he was soon well armed, and, presenting himself at thedoor, he shot the bull through the head, as he came into the hall. Without a struggle, or a moan, the beast fell on the floor, nearly blocking up the entry with his huge carcass and dangling the owner captive in the hall. At this juncture the family retreated from the field of slaughter, consternation can be better imagined than described.

The whole matter was soon explained by the Brigadier: in fact, the fight of one hundred dollars to the stranger, he told him he might depart. As the conquered republicans of New England, on the sabbath, the Brigadier was left with two dead bulls on his hands, and one hundred dollars out on pocket.

THE INDIAN CHIEF'S BRIDE.

The following anecdote of Joble Cloud, Chief of the Osages, tribe of Indians is extracted from the Appendix of the Gazetteer of Missouri.

Blackbird was a wise and powerful chief, and had attained his early popularity by cupidity; but he had become avaricious, and had exercised power in his own nation. When he had attained the height of his ambition, he ceased collecting nations. But a partisan leader had taken a Pawnee girl, who was, by the co-mmand of the chief, brought to his lodge, and made his wife. The son of Blackbird had seen her, and intermarried in council with the chief. The girl had all the moveable property in possession, and during the prosperity of her father-in-law, Blackbird had permitted it. When, on the day appointed, the captive girl was to be delivered to the father of the son of the Chief, she was seen leading his Buffalo horse, for from the back of which he had thrown the victim was marching. After the ceremonies were over, the captive girl was made prisoner, and received a revive in the route and were rising to the plain, the place appointed for the sacrifices, the young warrior was seated on the horse that confined the arms of the girl, lifted her to his saddle, and with her, fled to the west. In the full speed, before his countrymen could communicate the intelligence, he had passed the river and was half across the plain before pursuit was determined on; and then there were no horses at hand. He had concealed one in the next ravine, and the fugitives escaped the ill-arranged military in his disposition, could not be satisfied with the qualifications most requisite in beef animals, such as size and beauty of form, but he must possess a touch of that martial and warlike spirit once so prevalent, but now slowly fading from the land.

It chanced that a copy of the paper, containing this wise challenge, fell into the hands of a neighbor, who lived in the rich and fertile mountains of the Connecticut river, in the western part of the State. It is a region, which has ever been famous for its fine beef cattle, since the days of the accomplished, hospitable, and good old Governor Belcher. This man happened to have a sturdy bull of the same age, which he was willing should enter the lists with the notorious beast of the Brigadier. His color was coal black. Rich, glossy curls mantled his broad forehead, above which sprung two pairs of conscious size. His ample chest, thick neck, and erect carriage, at once proclaimed him among the quiet sentiment of his race, for strength and beauty. Proud of his charge and confident of success, the neighbor concluded he would send him, and try his luck in obtaining the one hundred dollars. As the way was long and the roads rough, he did not reach the house of the Brigadier, till late on Saturday afternoon: although, like a true descendant of the worthy puritans, he left his house early on Monday morning, to be off the first appearance of light on the door at the time of his arrival; and as soon as he had made known the object of his visit, the rites of his visit, bade him welcome to such cheer as a farmer's family in the upper road. "You will see still finer," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one."

A CRITICAL POET IS.—A few days since, a gentleman went into a tavern in Holborn, and in the absence of the usual waiter, was attended to by the pot boy. "Bring me the evening paper," said the gentleman. "Paper come yet sir," said the pot boy, "but there's the *Satirist*, and I've got some worry good pieces of poetry in it." "Indeed!" replied the gentleman, "and how do you know that?" "Oh," returned the lopsided youth, "I know it's poetry, acause all the lines am short an' have numbers; and its worry good, acause our gals says so."

ANAGRAM.—We translate the following anagram of Napoleon's, from one of our exchanges. French papers—le Journal de Louret. The name says the Journal is composed of two Greek words, *Napoleon* and *Leon*, which signify *the Lion of the Desert*. The letters of the same name in profound combined, presents a picture which offers a singular analogy with the character of that extraordinary man.

1	Napoleon
2	Apoleon
3	Poleon
4	Oleon
5	Leon
6	On
7	On

By striking off the first letter of this word and rearranging the same characters with each letter in word, six Greek words are formed, which literally translated in the order of the figures, signify, *Napoleon, being the lion of the people, become a destroyer of cities.*

LOUIS'S TREACHERY.—If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if he be engaged, he wears it on the second finger, if married, on the third; and on the fourth, if he never intends to be married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a boon or diamond on her first finger; if engaged, on her second; if married, on her third; and on the fourth, if she intends to die a maid.

When a gentleman presents a tax, a flower or a trinket to a lady, it will be left hand, it is on his part an overture of regard; should she receive it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if with the right it is a refusal of the offer. Thus by a few simple rules explained by rule, the pass of love is expressed, and through the medium of the handkerchief, the most timid and diffident man may without difficulty, communicate his sentiments of regard for a lady, and on case his offer should be refused, avoid experiencing the mortification of an explicit rejection.

THE SUNSHINE SEA.—At Gamakleia in Lapland, during the space of three weeks in every year, the manuster informed Dr. Clark, that he is able to light his pipe at midnight, with a common burning glass: and when the clouds do not intervene he may continue this practice for a longer time, the interval between the two periods as the season advances. From the church nearest home, it is visible at midnight during seven weeks in each year; but the pleasure of this long day, is shortly overclouded by the constant inquiries of night for the rest of the year; a continual visitor which makes it difficult to dispense with the use of candles, during the space of three hours in each day.

A CHAPTER ON ECONOMY.

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THE RURAL ECONOMIST.

IMPORTANCE OF AGRICULTURE.

If the whole population of the United States should be collected upon *New England*, if her commerce and manufactures were then to be increased in still greater proportion than the increase of the population, from what source could her supplies should the provisions for her supply be freighted—England, on an extent of territory comparatively but small, and already burdened with a population equal to that of the whole United States, is not capable of supplying, in any confidence in the resources and products of her own territories, the demands which will result from this cause they can supply is restrained.—How then is the spectacle, when having previously depended for her supplies on the fertile and rich prior island, loaded and crowded with its millions, she finds the world's granary and storehouse emptying from the stores of its abundant fertility, grain for the food of the people and for exchange, and contingent. What an illustration is this of what agriculture may be made to accomplish! For all the improvements that have made that country so productive, date back to a period little beyond the last half century. Then the greater part of land was looked upon as a source of power, rather than of wealth. The system of cultivation was a mere and very wretched subsistence. The land was exhausted by cultivation, rather than seconded, like their religion and their laws, from their ancestors. Such, however, soon that time, has been the progress of improvement, that the doubtful whether, with all the advantages of their fertile soil, agriculture, the arts and the manufactures have much exceeded those made in agriculture. In the same time the increase of her population has only been equalled by that of the United States. The stock to be maintained from the land has increased in a much greater ratio. A greater luxuriance in the productions of the soil has been the result of attention bestowed to the size and improved the symmetry of the animals. Of the horned cattle, during the last century, the average gross weight of the cattle brought to market in Smithfield, did not exceed three hundred and forty pounds, and now that of sheep eighty pounds. And the limits of improvement are by no means supposed to be attained. It is the opinion of practical men, that the average weight of cattle may be increased in the island might well sigh be doubtless, the young and enterprising republican of the United States.

Previous to 1760, no improvements had been made in the system of husbandry. There was then no rotation of crops; fallows were unknown; the land was cultivated in the most slovenly manner; and neither turnips, clover, nor potatoes, had as much as a head. But corn followed corn in unbroken succession.

Of the many valuable improvements and new systems, which have been attended with so much success during the last half of the 18th century, as well entitled to the memory and to the gratitude of posterity, as any that fill the pages of history. It will be the dawn of a brighter day to this interesting class of society, justice is done by public opinion, to the merits and services of its benefactors. The title of the Duke of Bedford, conferred on Lord Russell, Mr. Dawson, was an expression of public gratitude for the improvements which he had made in that island. By the system of culture which he introduced, the produce has increased in twelve times greater than formerly, while the fertility of the soil is kept up with a proportionate and steady increase. *Mr. Blaxen's Address to the Agricultural Society.*

From the Farmers' Register.

Remarks on the Use, Value, and Culture of Sorrel Seed.

COLUMBIA, S. C. JAN. 5, 1827.

The interest on the subject of sorrel seed, which have much diminished of late in this part of the country, has been revived by the great demand in other parts also. When we have done with prevalent making, and the meetings of abolition are looked upon in the north as they are in the south, the time will be ripe for the discussion of rotating clue than rail roads. It is all very well to have them, and they are a great blessing, but that we neglect too much our own natural, solid, and permanent resources. The rail road mania has very lately furnished many parts of Europe, and the United States, with bread stuffs; but now that Europe sends us flour, it will be found, also, in great quantities, and sensible *ditto*, even lay-roads will be neglected for the purposes of this assembly, lest it should lead me into the interminable, and, perhaps, to many, tiresome, discussion of the comparative value of the various products of soil, and the various modes of cultivation. It is enough to say here, that the sorrel seed is one of the most valuable of all this. Leaving, then, these elevated and interesting subjects to abler hands, I will only attempt a task of making a few observations on the sorrel seed and its culture.

At the 64th page of the number of your Farmer's Register for the present year, is a piece signed S. Carter; this gentleman very modestly disbelieves the assertions of some of his friends, that he has discovered a new vegetable to cattle; or at least they occasion them to be so. We know that we have a variety of the common potatoe vines, as well as other rich succulent herbage, which, when eaten by cattle, produce fatal effects. Experience has therefore fatal the appear to them that when Mr. Carter speaks of the effects of the sorrel seed upon cattle, much of their succulence has that origin, and given great offence to the sorrel in the matter. The saying of the vines of the potatoe plant, is not applicable to that of corn, that I know of; but it is not that they are not worthy of use because we are too careless in taking every advantage offered to a bountiful Providence. It may also be on account of the difficulties of the culture of the potatoe, that it is not in bulk. As to their nutritive quality, there are very few articles of food which are more valuable. Many years ago, I was informed on undoubted authority, that in the island of St. Domingo, horses and mules were fed on the parts entirely fed all the year round on potatoe vines and any deficiency supplied from corn. I know a cultivator in the vicinity of Cape Francois and other towns, who has for the purpose of his animals, extensive vines to the city, where they are brought for the exclusive food of horses, mules, and cattle. Another gentleman, also of this cultivator, the vines, and not the roots, were given to his cattle.

I am glad to have it also in my power to state from undoubted authority, that the sorrel is given his experiment of planting small potatoe roots in the spring, and producing sprouts to be transplanted in due time, in the manner usual for them. This is a practice much followed in the West Indies, and is found to succeed well. It is said that these sprouts produce much the best potatoes for table use. It is also the practice in those countries where the summer is too short to allow the potatoe to attain perfection by any other. The usual way is to prepare a bed of rich and small dimensions, in a warm and sheltered situation, and to plant very thickly with the small roots. make drills in this bed at very short distances from each other, and to plant the roots in the drills quite small potatoe roots, so close as to touch each other in the drill. This should be done earlier than the usual season for planting the crop, and for fear of frost, the seed may be covered with straw, which may be removed when the danger is over. The sprouts, as soon as they are grown to a few inches in length, are to be carefully taken up, and transplanted at the usual distances for potatoes. The roots left in the bed will soon produce another crop of sprouts, and during that period there will be a succession of sprouts from the bed, which will furnish a long time. The roots left in the bed, may be used in the kitchen, or given to cattle, hogs, &c. are put. A fallow candle is the best for the purpose, and will reach when laid by.

To keep Moths, beetles, &c. from Clothes.—Put in a piece of camphor in a linen bag or some aromatic herbs, in the drawers among linen or woolen clothes, and neither moth nor worm will come near them.

To purify meat infested with insects.—The process of purification consists in putting into three pints of boiling water a pound and a half of alum, and as much cream of tartar, which are to be dissolved in 25 pints more of cold water. The wool is then immersed in this liquor during seven days in which it is washed and dried. After this operation it will no longer be subject to be attacked by insects.

To perfume linen.—Rose leaves dried in the shade, cloves beat in a powder, and mace in powder; mix them together, and put the composition in little bags.

Preservations from moths in clothes or books.—Oil of lavender, or oil of the finest Russia leather, and lay the same indiscriminately among the clothes, books, &c. The leather may be procured at any book binders in the city, and the oil which will last a long time, costs about a shilling. The same have the desired effect, if having been frequently used with great success.

To Lye a preventive of Smut.—Let those that doubt lye being a preventive for smut, try the experiment—one of their fields of wheat and their fallows where there is a liability to smut, and sprinkle the one and sow unsalted, and they beans were burnt, if they can. One great fault in sowing wheat, farmers do not sow it thick enough, especially if sown late. Foods that are getting into the habit of sowing two and a half bushels to the acre, if sown late, to be sure what it may.—*Monthly Genesee Farmer.*

Important to Farmers.—The following method of preserving your cattle when chased by a turnip or potatoe, has been tried by a farmer in this city, and found successful in every instance. Put a tea-spoonful of the spirits of turpentine in the ear of every cow, and they will not be troubled. they may save them from the effects of this always unpleasant, and often fatal disease.

Why does an apple when first cut appear white and afterwards brown?

Because a fermentation arises from the rest of the fruit absorbing the oxygen of the atmosphere; the apple having previously been, by its rind and skin, protected from the contact of the air.

Dr. Brandreth's Pills.

For the sale of his Vegetable Universal Pills, which are acknowledged by the public to be the GREAT ANTIDOTE, or sheet above Second street, PHILADELPHIA.

In consequence of the increasing demand in all parts of the United States, and particularly in the city of Philadelphia, Dr. BRANDRETH has found it necessary to establish a permanent office in this city, for the purpose exclusively of the sale of his extraordinary medicines.

These Pills have now attained an unprecedented popularity over every other medicine of the day, and are constantly increasing in estimation there, and wherever they are introduced, for the cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, and consequently, from the want of proper action in the digestive organs. Such is the wonderful power of these Pills over the human frame, that they have been known to cure the following diseases in a short space of time, viz.

Consumption, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Jaundice, Asthma, Dropsy, Scurvy, Fevers of all kinds, Scrofula, or King's evil, Fits, Gout, Sick Headache, Colds, Coughs, Pains in the Limbs, Female Obstructions, Pleasure after Intemperance, Lowness of Spirits, Blotches, Pimples, Tetter, Ringworm, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Bloody Flux, Piles, Inflammation, Worms, Venereal Complaints, Weakness, Debility, Cholic, Stone and Gravel, Dimness of Sight, Deafness, Numbness, Cramps, Pains in the Joints, Pains in the Back, Hips, and Loins, Nervousness, Lowness, Low Spirits, Hysterics, Headache, Vertigo, Pains, Fears, Anxiety, Dread, Horrors of the Mind, Delirium, Madness, Suicidal Affections, Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Paralysis or Palsy, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Blood, Skin, Nerves, Limbs, Joints, Feet, &c. &c. &c.

Of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Wind in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision or Dots or Webs before the Eyes, Dullness of Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in various parts of the Body, &c. &c.

Numerous certificates of the above diseases have been received at the office, and may be seen by the afflicted.

Full directions are given with each box, so that persons may cure themselves without the least exposure or inconvenience, and without the knowledge of any person, if they choose.

Sold by R. Jordan & Co. No. 4 Cornhill, Boston; Andrews and N. W. corner of Thorp and Walnut st. Dr. Swaim, No. 1 South 3d st. Dr. Wistar, No. 122 North 2d st. Dr. Hartman, No. 1 South 2d st. Dr. Eglin, No. 2